

Michael
Fredric
Cowlishaw



ST. PAUL'S
CATHEDRAL

Monkton Combe School

The Centenary Service of
Thanksgiving and Dedication

Wednesday 8 May 1968 at 2.15 p.m.

Organ Voluntaries

Prelude and Fugue in D	J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
Chorale No. 3 in A minor	César Franck (1822-1890)
Choral Song	S. S. Wesley (1810-1876)

The Entrance
of the Ministers

The procession enters from the Dean's aisle and the people stand.

A VIRGER
THE HEAD MASTER OF MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL
THE VISITING CLERGY
THE MINOR CANON
THE CHAPLAIN OF MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL
THE FORMER BISHOP IN IRAN
A VIRGER
THE BISHOP OF WILLESDEN
THE DEAN'S VIRGER
THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
and
THE CANON IN RESIDENCE

They go to their places in the chancel.

This Hymn follows.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Old Hundredth HCS 234

The Welcome

The Head Master of Monkton Combe School is conducted to the chancel steps. There he says:

MEMBERS of the world-wide fellowship of Monkton Combe School:

We have come here today to do two things.

First, we have come to give thanks to God for one hundred years of the life of the School; we have come to thank him for the inspiration of his Word, which is truth, in the task of education; we have come to thank him for the guidance of his hand in the direction of the School's affairs; we have come to thank him for the call of his Spirit, which so many have heard, to lives of service.

Secondly, we have come to dedicate both ourselves and our School afresh to the service of God and of our fellow men in the years ahead.

May God accept our praises, and uphold us in our obedience to his sovereign will.

The Thanksgiving

All sing together this Psalm.

O PRAISE God |in his |holi-ness:
praise him in the |firma-ment |of his |power.
Praise him in his |noble |acts:
praise him ac |cording to his |excell-ent |greatness.

Praise him in the | sound of the | trumpet:
 praise him up | on the | lute and | harp.
 Praise him in the | cymbals and | dances:
 praise him up | on the | strings and | pipe.
 Praise him upon the | well tun'd | cymbals:
 praise him up | on the | loud | cymbals.
 Let every *thing* | that hath | breath:
 praise | - - | - the | Lord.
 Glory | be to the | Father:
 and to the Son, | and to the | Holy | Ghost.
 As it *was* in the be | ginning | is | now:
 and ever *shall* be world without | end. A | - - | - men.

PSALM 150 C. V. Stanford (1852—1924)

The people sit down, and three Boys of the School read the Lesson.

THE LESSON: Hebrews 11. 1, 2, 32—12. 2

AND what is faith? Faith gives substance to our hopes, and makes us certain of realities we do not see. It is for their faith that the men of old stand on record.

Time is too short for me to tell the stories of Gideon, Barak, Samson, and Jephthah, of David and Samuel and the prophets. Through faith they overthrew kingdoms, established justice, saw God's promises fulfilled. They muzzled ravening lions, quenched the fury of fire, escaped death by the sword. Their weakness was turned to strength, they grew powerful in war, they put foreign armies to rout. Women received back their dead raised to life. Others were tortured to death, disdaining release, to win a better resurrection. Others, again, had to face jeers and flogging, even fetters and prison bars. They were stoned, they were sawn in two, they were put to the sword, they went about dressed in skins of sheep or goats, in poverty, distress, and misery. They were too good for this world. They were refugees in deserts and on the hills, hiding in caves and holes in the ground. These also, one and all, are commemorated for their faith; and yet they did not enter upon the promised inheritance, because, with us in mind, God had made a better plan, that only in company with us should they reach their perfection.

And what of ourselves? With all these witnesses to faith around us like a cloud, we must throw off every encumbrance, every sin to which we cling, and run with resolution the race for which we are entered, our eyes fixed on Jesus, on whom faith depends from start to finish: Jesus who, for the sake of the joy that lay ahead of him, endured the cross, making light of its disgrace, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God.

The people stand. An Old Monktonian says, and the people answer:

FOR those who in faith founded Monkton Combe School, for those who by their prayers and gifts have sustained it, and for all who throughout the past century have faithfully served it,

☩ Let us bless the Lord;
℟ Thanks be to God.

For successive generations of boys who have contributed to the life of the School, and for all who during their school days have responded to the message of God's love,

☩ Let us bless the Lord;
℟ Thanks be to God.

For those whom the School has equipped for the service of God and their fellow men, and especially for all who have gone overseas to minister in the Name of Christ,

☩ Let us bless the Lord;
℟ Thanks be to God.

For every token of God's goodness to us through past years, for the provision of our needs, and for the promise of continued guidance in the future,

☩ Let us bless the Lord;
℟ Thanks be to God.

Let us say together the General Thanksgiving.

Almighty God,
Father of all mercies:

Here the people join in:

WE thine unworthy servants
do give thee most humble and hearty thanks
for all thy goodness and loving-kindness
to us and to all men;
We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all
the blessings of this life;
but above all, for thine inestimable love
in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ,
for the means of grace,
and for the hope of glory.
And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all
thy mercies,
that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful,
and that we shew forth thy praise,
not only with our lips, but in our lives;
by giving up ourselves to thy service,
and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness
all our days;
through Jesus Christ our Lord,
to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost
be all honour and glory,
world without end. Amen.

This Hymn follows.

PRAISE to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously
reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen?
All that is needful hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and
defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with his love he befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises
before him!

Let the Amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for aye we adore him!

Lobe den Herren HCS 239

*At the end of the Hymn the people remain standing and the
Boys of the School come forward to the chancel steps to sing:*

WE praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be
the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee: the Father ever-
lasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the heavens and all
the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin: continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy
glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth
acknowledge thee:

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;
Thine honourable, true: and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory: O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man: thou
didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death:
thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glory
of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants: whom
thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in
glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people: and bless thine heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee:

And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our
trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be
confounded.

Te Deum Laudamus. Kenneth Leighton (b. 1929)

The Boys return to their seats.

The Sermon

by The Most Reverend F. D. COGGAN, D.D.,
Lord Archbishop of York.

The Dedication

The people kneel, and the Minor Canon offers these prayers.

ALMIGHTY God, bless, we pray thee, with thy wisdom,
all those in whose hands lie the fortunes of the
School, so that they may be open to thy will, and may
use all the gifts bestowed on the School to the good
of its members and the honour of thy Name; through
Jesus Christ our Lord.

R Amen.

REMEMBER for good, O Lord, past members of this
School; keep in their hearts what they have learned
here; and grant that they may repay their nurture in
faithful service to thee and to their fellows, after
the example of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

R Amen.

O GOD, from whom to be turned is to fall, to whom
to be turned is to rise, and in whom to stand is to
abide for ever: Grant us

in our failures thy forgiveness,
in our dangers thy protection,
in our duties thy strength,
in our perplexities thy guidance;
for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake.

R Amen.

GIVE us, O Lord Christ, a steadfast heart, which no unworthy affection can drag downwards; give us an unconquered heart, which no tribulation can wear out; give us an upright heart, which no unworthy purpose can tempt aside: Give us

understanding to know thee,
diligence to seek thee,
wisdom to find thee,
and courage to follow thee,
now and always.

R Amen.

The people stand, and the Senior Prefect leads the Act of Dedication.

Let us dedicate all our powers
to the service of God,
to the service of our homes,
to the service of our school,
to the service of our fellow men.

GRANT, O Lord

Here the people join in:

that thy kingdom may so grow in our hearts
that wherever we go in the world
we may by our lives and prayers
help it to grow in the hearts of others;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

All say together:

OUR Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done;
In earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever.
Amen.

This Hymn follows, and during it the Offering is taken; its purpose is to found the Monkton Combe Scholarships at King's College, Budo, Uganda, to enable African boys and girls to complete a sixth form education.

LORD of creation, to thee be all praise!
Most mighty thy working, most wondrous thy ways!
Who reignest in glory no tongue can e'er tell,
Yet deign'st in the heart of the humble to dwell.

Lord of all power, I give thee my will,
In joyful obedience thy tasks to fulfil.
Thy bondage is freedom; thy service is song;
And, held in thy keeping, my weakness is strong.

Lord of all wisdom, I give thee my mind,
Rich truth that surpasseth man's knowledge to find.
What eye hath not seen and what ear hath not heard
Is taught by thy Spirit and shines from thy Word.

Lord of all bounty, I give thee my heart;
I praise and adore thee for all that thou art;
Thy love to inflamē me, thy counsel to guide,
Thy presence to shield me, whate'er may betide.

Lord of all being, I give thee my all;
If e'er I disown thee, I stumble and fall;
But, sworn in glad service thy word to obey,
I walk in thy freedom to the end of the way.

Slane HCS 301

The Chaplain of Monkton Combe School receives the Offering.

The people sit down, and the choir sings the Anthem.

IN the beginning was the Word.
The worlds were framed by the word of God.
Thy word is truth.
The Lord gave the word; great was the company of
those that published it.

Thy word is truth.
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my
path.
The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and
in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.
Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by
taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart.

Thy word is truth.

The word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Thy word is truth.

Here in the anthem the people stand and sing with the choir these words to Luther's tune:

GOD'S word remaineth ever sure,
To us his goodness showing;
The Spirit's gifts, of sin the cure,
Each day he is bestowing.
Though naught we love be left,
Of all, e'en life, bereft,
Yet what shall Satan gain?
God's kingdom doth remain,
And shall be ours for ever.

Anthem. Alan Gibbs (b. 1932)

The people kneel, and the following prayer is offered:

WITH all these witnesses to faith around us like a cloud, we must throw off every encumbrance, every sin to which we cling, and run with resolution the race for which we are entered, our eyes fixed on Jesus, on whom faith depends from start to finish: Jesus who, for the sake of the joy that lay ahead of him, endured the cross, making light of its disgrace, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God.

THE BLESSING

The Withdrawal

The procession, moving in the order set out on page 1, leaves the chancel and returns to the Dean's aisle.

Organ Voluntary :

Transports de joie, (Symphonic Meditation

No. 3 from L'Ascension)

Olivier Messiaen (b. 1908)



